

[12/27/2012]

Got any creepy people you met when you were a kid stories?
Always a bonus if you or a friend were almost kidnapped!

[1]

I grew up in this tiny, crazy religious town. I was about 9 or so, and me and some friends decided to go into church to say a prayer. I was 9, shut up.

Anyway, once we were in, we decided to have a look around and it got wacky. Two guys got locked into the place behind the altar, someone else got locked in the toilet, two guys got stuck in the babyroom and I was barricaded into the choir area. Someone heard us shouting for help and ran in, someone in a mask ran as soon as they saw him coming. There were two cans of petrol inside the church that he left behind.

So whoever it was got away. Time passed, and I moved away. Moved back a few months ago, moving away again in the New Year.

I recently got my driving licence, and a friend would take me out driving everyday as practice for the test. One day, he decided to head up a nearby mountain, see how I could do up a really beat up track. I was driving around for a few hours, no problems, and they we saw a car crash. The car was stuck in a dyke at the side of the road, with two people on the ground on either side. Like a 7-10 split. I naturally slow to stop to see if we can help and my friend took out a knife and said: "If you stop this freaking car, I will stab you. Keep moving."

So I did. I told him to take out his phone to call an ambulance or whatever, he kept looking all around. It was a weird set-up, but I wasn't really thinking straight.

After moving maybe 50 feet away from the crash, I look in the mirror. The two people on the ground? They're standing up and waving to the side. As I watch, about 10 people emerge from the forest, all in the same mask as the guy who trapped us in the church.

I shifted straight up through the gears and got out of there. A couple tried chasing after us, but no way was I stopping for anything.

We went to the cops, and got laughed out of there. We didn't hear of any disappearances or attacks, so we had nothing to back us up, until last week.

See, there's a lot of hippies and itinerants living on that mountain. I went to school with a few of them, they were okay, I got along alright with them. At least one claims to have studied under Aleister Crowley.

I met one last week in a bar. Hadn't seen him in years, we bought a few drinks and had a laugh.

Over the past few months, some new people starting moving in on the mountain. The hippies own the land free and clear, but as long as you didn't cause trouble, anyone can come and go as they please. They had a talk with a few of the new people, apparently they'd been in the area years back, but had some trouble with the law. Hippies didn't care, so long as they don't cause trouble they can stay there.

A little girl, about 10, came running into the camp, cut and bruised, clothes torn, terrified. She was screaming about " the black man in the woods!" and that he had tried to grab her, he had a knife, and he had chased her back to camp.

Every hippy, traveller, itinerant, immigrant, every man they could find, went straight to the new guys camp and kicked them straight out. They found a metric ton of knives, cans of petrol, rope. No guns, oddly. They drove them out and burned all the tents and whatever was left behind.

Creepy, man.

That's scary, God knows what would have happened if your friend didn't stop you. It would be hilarious if they were all waving their hands and jigging around with horse masks on.

Ten bucks says that was some weird cult and they were using the car crash scene to lure potential sacrifice victims in. Burning the church sounds like some sort of cult or teenage satanism.

[2]

Almost kidnapped stories? Sure!

- >be a kid during the summer, I think I was 6 or so
- >hanging out with friends
- >all of a sudden this really beat up old car rolls up next to us
- >woman from the driver seat leans over and rolls down the passenger seat window
- >"HEY KIDS, WANT SOME PUDDING?"
- >"wut"
- >she gets out and goes to our side, opens the backdoor and has a box, pulls out a ton of those little plastic pudding things
- >"You guys want some?"

>take some just to get her to leave
>"You guys like pudding huh? Hey, why don't you get in my car and I'll take you to my house, I've got tons more there!"
>remember what my Dad said about the real monsters being the people "outside"
>nope and immediately run, friends are quick to follow suit
>while we're running she gets in her car and starts chasing us yelling at us to get in her car
>make it to my house, get in, yell to my dad some one is telling me to get in her car
>dad goes and gets his gun
>busts outside
>see her slowly drive off staring me down

Dad got her license plate and called the police. Not sure if anything was ever done though.

[3]

>in front my my apartment with my brother
>mom left us to go get something
>van drives up with a women
>says my dad told her to pick us up and drive us to his work
>brother and I look at her like wut
>she drives off after trying to persuade us
>tell mom

[4]

When I was a kid, I was big into UFOs, conspiracies, all that. I was reading/watching stuff I really shouldn't have been.

One night, my dad was driving me home from somewhere, and

we were listening to radio. People were seeing UFOs, everywhere. The whole sky was lighting up. I had seen a few before, or I think I did, but this was new. Hundreds of people had seen them.

Now, this was late. About 3 am. I can't remember why we were out that late, but we were. I was watching the skies like crazy, trying to spot something, no dice. We got home, and as I was walking from the car to the house, the whole area lit up purple for thirty seconds. All we heard was this amazing boom and then it was gone. I could see everything perfectly in the purple light, this was as bright as the sun.

The next day, I went exploring to see if I could see anything new. Maybe it crashed and exploded. I was wandering around these roads in the middle of nowhere, looking for crashed spaceships, and I met this guy. Completely bald, and with a massive smile. Like the Joker.

He started talking to me about the lights in the sky, and different aliens and conspiracy theories. He had this really weird smell. He stank of it. Never smelled anything like it before or since. After a few minutes of talking to him, I jumped on my bike and sped home, freaked out. It was a perfectly straight road for about half a mile. Every time I looked back, he was staring at me, watching me go.

[5]

>out walking at about 5am to go to the nearest beach(about 4 miles) to watch sunrise, its like my weekly exercise

>decide to take a different route and walk along the scenic highway, but also has much more traffic

>begin to get uneasy feeling as the wind starts to pick up seemingly out of nowhere

>within a minute or two of this chilling wind an early 2000s model SUV pulls over onto the sidewalk sideways about 20 feet in

front of me, blocking my path

>pull out my pocket knife thinking its some dumb drunk teens looking to jump people as I've been attacked 3v1 before

>say, "screw it" and keep walking toward the SUV with a little hesitation

>get near the windows, see that the vehicle is filled to capacity with like 6-7 people

>knife is in my pocket ready for use, but worthless if these guys decide to jump out

>try not to stare, but as I pass they have the interior lights on

>swear that NONE have a "face"(probably masks)

>oh hell naw

>passing the vehicle seems to take an eternity, but about 10 seconds after I'm passed, they floor it and as I look back take off going about 0 to 40mph

Never had anything that strange happen before or after, but it was the weekend before Halloween so they could have been out screwing with people, trying to scare them. Still, never take that route again since.

[6]

> be 15

> skipped school for the day, made up a story about a field trip

> friend and I told our parents we would be home at 4:30 instead of 3

> killing time in park 5 minutes from my house so that we didn't get home early OR late

> see the same car drive through the street next to park a few

> a few minutes later a short, middle aged balding man is walking through the park, headed towards us

> approaches us, asked if we want to "make any money"

> I say NO immediately, stupid cunt of a friend has to say "how?"

> freak lists off a number of favours he wants performed

> I cut him off and say "NO THANKS, WE'RE NOT INTERESTED" and a loud voice and the freak left

> We move to a different location in the park (a little closer to my house than before)

> Not really "scared" per se but still paying attention to who is around

> all of a sudden freak is by a bench in the park where he wasn't a few moments ago

> is walking towards us again

> I NOPE and grab my friend and run

> freak gives chase

> I look back in time to see him fumble with the newspaper he was holding and drop a HUGE kitchen knife

>out ran the old fat faggot, taking the most confusing and long route to my house

>told mother, called cops

what the hell.

[7]

Not nearly as creepy or detailed as the champion posts in here, but whatever:

>be 4 or 5

>leaving church

>holding my dad's hand walking to car

>look up at dad because I love my dad

>not dad

>blond man smiling down at me

>what the hell who are you

>break away and run across parking lot to my dad

Not sure what happened there. One of my earliest memories.

[8]

Not my story, but still kinda creepy.

>mom and friend out at a party one night
>ride only drove them halfway since they lived in opposite direction as everyone else
>no cell phones and out of city so no payphones. they decide to start walking home
>guy drives by, asks if they need a ride
>in heels, decide to ask him to drive to next store, they just needed to make a call
>they get in, he starts making passes at them, very creepy
>passes by first store
>she notices there are no handles on the doors
>tells him he needs to pull over immediately, she had bad shrimp and was about to throw up
>he pulls over, she starts making vomiting noises, friend rushes out to hold her hair
>she pushes her down the hill, they both start running
>got away, never called the police on him

And another:

>her and friend drinking, again in heels, no need for ride since friend lives a few blocks away from a bar in the city
>friend heard about this guy who was dressed up as a cop and tries to force women into his car
>can't remember full story, but he kills them. police only know because a woman got away
>mom didn't live in city, didn't know
>cop drives by, tells them its not safe to walk around this neighborhood at night, insists they enter his car
>its not a cop car
>they say the apartment is nearby
>he insists
>friend takes off heels, grabs mom by the arm and starts

screaming and running for help

>he speeds away

>mad dash to apartment

>friend tells her about the cop story

And that is why she insists I always carry pepper spray with me.

[9]

Be 16

> Spend summer vacation in Arkansaw with Uncle and cousin

> Uncle runs this hunting store so he takes us out to the backwoods for a hunting trip in his RV

> Drives up to this spot in the middle of nowhere that he says he's been tracking deer migration to

> 3-4th day in chicken/water/juice gets old and cousin and uncle decide to ride into town on the ATV to pick up a pizzas and bring it back

> They ride off, I'm in the RV alone at night

> Lying on one of the folded out beds playing some game on my Ipod when suddenly someone starts shaking the doorknob violently trying to get in

> Think it's my uncle/cousin

> As I get up to walk to the door see this older guy with really long hair in the nearby window start to bang on it before giving up and walking back into the woods

> Uncle and Cousin get back like 15-20 minutes later, tell them what happened

> Uncle goes out with his shotgun, fires off a couple in the air before going back inside and telling us we're leaving

> While he's getting everything packed up to go he climbs up some trees and gets these video cards or something from some hunting cameras he had placed up there

> Cousin puts them in the small tv in the back while uncle is

driving off and rewinds it 30-40 minutes

> nightvisioned image shows up with that long haired guy banging on the RV door and like 3 other guys behind trees from other camera with different viewpoint

[10]

> between 5 - 7
> Friend lives across the alley and down the street
> Creepy old man lives RIGHT next door
> Just be scared of him
> One day walk past his house
> "C'mere son"
> "Okay"
> Walk closer
> "I have a lot of sweets if you come to the door I'll go get them for you"
> Walk slowly to his steps
> Heart racing, but I want candy
> Look at his face again
> Realize he's not from North America
> Get close enough to the stairs that I smell god awful cooking
> Stop
> Look deep in his eyes
> NOOOOOOOOPE!
> Ran home scared
> Every now and again when the rest of the kids on the block would play kick the can late at night he would be peering out of his house.

I felt bad for the guy, but then I turned 11 or 12 and my parents told me to stay away from that house because he was a sex offender from France, literally to this day I can still see his face, and smell that sour smell...

I can remember fragments from grade 1 but not 2 and then I

remember from grade 3 to present 16 years later...

[11]

>be about 14, live in sort of a bad neighborhood
>friend lives about a twenty minute walk away
>turn a corner, pass this house with a couple of guys sitting on the porch
>don't really think anything about it
>turn and go down the next street, a really long street that goes down to the main street. can't really explain it well
>get a quarter down the road, glance over my shoulder, guys have just turned the corner behind me and seem to be following me
>don't think about it, figure they're going to the store on the main street
>walk a few paces ahead, look behind me, guys are now walking at a brisk pace
>start to get slightly paranoid, pick up my pace
>get halfway down the road, look behind me, guys are now running towards me
>OH GOD
>take off down the street, near the main street and make my way across the street
>glance behind me, guys are still barreling their way towards me for no reason
>run behind the store, hide in a little dumpster area
>still have no idea why I didn't go into the store
>wait there for a few minutes, jumping at every noise
>sneak out after a few minutes, glance around and down the street
>guys are nowhere in sight
>quickly make my way to my friend's house

I still have no idea what those guys were doing or why they were chasing me.

[12]

Playing in front yard 7 years old. Yellow Jeep drives up two guys inside. " How do you get to the church from here" they ask. I walk close to the passenger door to give them an answer. Passenger seems like really nice guy has pretty blue eyes.

I start to tell them and notice the passenger has a large garbage sack in his hands held really tight. I look back up at his eyes, pure evil. I turn and run. I hear the Jeep door open and know he is chasing me. Half way to my back door my naked step dad (he was in the shower and heard me screaming) throws open the back door and saves my life. Kidnapper turns around jumps in jeep and takes off. A three year old was taken that same day. Cops have me describe the man. Still see him in my dreams from time to time. Stepdad took me to Toys R Us and let me pick anything I wanted. Never forget.

[13]

- > Live in the back-end of nowhere as a kid
- > 2-3 People per year go missing out there
- > Usually tourists, almost never locals
- > Nobody seemed to care
- > Locals hated "city folk"
- > People would literally just vanish in the night
- > mfw I may have grown up amongst cannibalistic rednecks

[14]

>10 years old
>mom takes me to a babysitter friend of hers
>be out in the middle of nowhere
>ride on 4-wheeler (ATV) with old man dad of babysitter
>seems legit.jpg
>later find out he's a registered sex offender and former child molester
>realize he was scoping for a spot to rape me but changed his mind

[15]

>be 22
>spending week alone in campground in Banff National Park
>only person renting a lot, completely empty but for me
>3rd night hear something outside my tent, near my head.
sounds like a hoof rhythmically falling, not stomping
>feel something's awareness on me, it feels intelligent.
>light some candles (one was patron saint of lost causes St. Judas)
>fall asleep finally

The next night...

>wake up to light rain, and pitch black
>quickly remember what happened last night and can sense I'm not alone
>now there are two hoofs I can hear falling gently near my head
>can feel myself being stared at through the tent canvas
>light candles, don't fall asleep until dawn

That morning there was a fire log taken from the firewood pile and put upright about 5 feet in front of my tent entrance

>don't go back to collect my gear for 5 days

THE best part is that the entire campground is surrounded by a 6 foot tall electrified bear fence. The entire place.

[16]

Was 9 years old me and my mom where at a friends house picking up a desk she was going to throw away. She lived on a second floor while they where up stairs I was outside playing it was about 9pm suddenly an old beat up car pulls up inside there where 2 old rednecks with beards. One of them suddenly asks where my mom is I stand petrified in total fear he then suddenly opens the car door I scream and the people in the house run outside the guy jumped in the car and sped off. I was scared terrified.

[17]

- > Be 4-6 years old
- > Got picked up from school cuz I was really sick
- > Mom has to go to the post office before we go home
- > She leaves me in the car cuz I was too sick to go inside.
- > I fall asleep in the back
- > 5-10 minutes later
- > Creeper staring into the car watching me sleep.
- > Wake up to hear my mom SCREAMING at him.
- > Mom doesn't tell me this until I'm 15

[18]

> be 2 or 3 years old.

>nanny used to take me to the ice cream place across the streets every afternoon.
>parents always working
>mom gets home by 7pm & no one's there.
>mom gets phone call of one of our maids (it was her day off) telling her that she saw my nanny & me getting off bus in somewhere
>mom freaks & calls the cops
>maid confronts nanny/kidnapper who confesses she was going to sell me

I don't remember anything.

[19]

>be 9
>playing with my friend in a huge industrial lot
>dude comes up asks if he can play
>sure mister
>he suggests we hide in a shed
>great idea mister they'll never find us in there
>inside he gives me a drink from a bottle of coke
>everything goes hazy, I black out just as I see him getting his cock out
>wake up (5, 10, 30 minutes later????)
>I start screaming and crying like a little wimp
>he gives me \$5 and walks off
>only person that knows is my wife

[20]

>Be in kindergarten
>Live in bad neighborhood

>Mom giving me my bath
>Knock at the door
>Mom goes to answer it
>Comes back panicking
>Gets me dressed, we're going to grandma's
>Go outside, street is blocked off by police, blood droplets on the door and porch
 >Neighbor went berserk, punched out the windows of his house, soaked his house and himself in gasoline
 >Told my mom to "get her kid and get out, the whole place is going up in flames"
 >Watching standoff between him and police
 >He goes to strike the match, but they got soaked in gas too, they were too damp to light
 >Police tackle him down, cut off his clothes, take him away

[21]

So, this won't make a ton of sense at first, but I'll fill in some details I only found out much later in life afterwards

>be maybe five or six
>dad is playing in the orchestra so home alone with mom and siblings
>getting ready for bed
>huge oak door SLAMS open and the burglar alarm goes off
>mom picks me and siblings up and scoots us under a table
>looks frantic and says to my older sister, "stay here. if you hear anything, take anon and brother and run to the neighbours. don't stop no matter what you hear or see"
>cops came, was nothing

Turns out my mom had a stalker. Not just any stalker. A criminally insane stalker. She was at the time working as a forensic psychologist. She had a patient she'd been interviewing who'd developed an obsession with her and just been released. In the

past week, he'd somehow tracked her down (which was a lot more difficult in '92) and had began to leave flowers and notes on our doorstep.

Nothing ever came of it, but that was the first time in my life I realized that adults aren't in control. I'd never seen my mom afraid before. In many ways, that experience helped me to realize that grown-ups are just as vulnerable as children to the dangers of the world.

[22]

When I was little my mom had a crazy stalker as well.

She was raising me by herself in a bad neighborhood. I was maybe three or four years old and spending the night at a friend's house.

She was taking a shower and as soon as she drew back the curtain, she saw him standing there in the doorway; he had broken into the house. She stayed calm and dried herself off as he watched her, then after a while she convinced him that it was time for him to leave. The next day she went out and bought a gun. She went to the bar he hung out at, located him, walked up and slammed it down on the counter. She made sure everyone heard what he had done the previous night and then told him that if he ever came near her again that she would blow his brains out.

[23]

- >was 9 years old
- >sleeping, woken up told to get ready for school
- >dressed waiting for mom fall back asleep

>wake briefly when placed in car
>warm inside car back to sleep
>wake up still driving and still dark
>moms ex boyfriend behind wheel
>show up at crap tier house, go inside
>pedophile drug dealer doesn't want me for trade
>kicks us both out, ex leaves in car
>me left standing no idea where I am.

[24]

>be 16
>sneak out of house to go get laid
>on my way back to my house
>ghetto part of town
>about 3am
>walking endlessly because I seem to be lost
>see 3 guys standing on porch just talking
>my dumb self decides to take out my expensive phone (I
don't remember why, but I think that was supposed to tell them I
wasn't someone to screw with)
 >turn around and they are walking down the same street as
me
 >dumb self takes any turn I can to get away from these people
only to leave myself more isolated and lost than before
 >call my bro to tell him I am being followed
 >says to turn around to check if they are still following me
 >running full sprint behind me
 >literally 5 feet behind me
 >run with the power of 5 gumps
 >finally get to highway where police often patrol
 >see guys stop, give me menacingly look
 >never go back to that area after dark

[25]

When I was like 4 or 5 I lived in Germany and my parents and I went to a very large store to buy some stuff.

While walking around I saw a little T.V. playing The Little Mermaid in German. So I stop to watch it. My dad stopped for a few seconds and said "Matt we are leaving with or without you." But I didn't listen. After a few minutes I got bored and went to go look for my parents. After about 10 minutes I started to panic and cry.

This old man walked up to me and started speaking german. I started to cry harder and scream, but he took me by my arm and dragged me to the front doors. I started to scream more and more until my mom ran up to the man and grabbed me.

[26]

- >be 9 years old
- >mom tells me to take the garbage to the curb before school one morning
- >walk garbage down to curb and notice a white truck fly around the corner in front of my house
- >truck passes my house and hits breaks
- >it goes to turn around in a driveway a few houses down
- >we had just been learning about "stranger danger" in school so I'm ultra paranoid
- >throw garbage and run back to the house
- >turn around to see the truck pull up in front of my house and stop
- >slam the door and lock it after shouting for my mom
- >stare out of the peephole at the truck that sits there for ten minutes while my mom calls cops

They drove away and I never saw them again, but it scared the

hell out of me.

[27]

>5th grade

>have a sewer drain/entrance covered in satanic/devil graffiti and a circle about fifty yards in the tunnel/sewer just beyond the edge of neighborhood in the wooded area

>tell friends at school how cool I am that older kids showed me this place

>won't believe unless I show them myself

>ride bikes over after school

>drop bikes at top of hill start walking down to the creek/bayou where the storm drain dumped out

>friends laughing and talking with each other behind me

>start to hear whispers up ahead, at first friends think I am wimping out but then they hear whispers as well

>all three of us stopped straining to hear, when three dudes, early thirties in flannel and jeans jump up out of the bushes and sprint full speed at us.

>turn around grab bikes and book it

>look back see guys right on our heels

>slowly build distance between us and guys giving chase, they followed us about two mile back to the neighborhood

>don't know if they were connected to the tunnel or just three crack heads we interupted but I never went back

>a couple months later im at the neighborhood pool for a swim meet, getting dark one of the kids says he is bored and going to walk home

>his mom comes over later to see where he is, reply he went home to play games- she is indifferent,

>mention he walked through woods to go home she becomes terrified

>gets husband and other fathers to do an immediate search of the woods, turns out kid was home safe.

>never found out what the adults knew about that area.

[28]

>Be 7
>Be spending the day with a friend, riding bikes
>Truck drives up to the two of us
>Man rolls down window, asks us if we've seen his dog
>Friend shakes her head, I say no
>Man beckons us closer, I oblige, friend hangs back
>Man asks us if we'll drive around with him and help him look
>I'm about to say yes, friend tells me we need to go back to her house
>We both bike away
>Man's truck follows us back to her house, then drives away

I was a dumb kid.

[29]

>Be 17
>White
>Living in the hood
>Walking back from school
>Black man starts following
>He yells to me (too scared to pay attention)
>Start walking faster
>Slightly turn my head to see if he keeps following me.
>He is running
>ohshiet.jpg
>Cross the road without looking
>Almost get hit by a car

>Start running like an Ethiopian.
>Get home and lock the doors.

[30]

This was told to me by my parents along time ago

>Be 2-3
>Be living in a relatively bad part of California
>Some guy comes to our door
>"My car broke down just a bit down the road, can I come in and use your phone?"
>Guy's pretty shady so my dad tells him to wait at the door
>Locks door, goes to get phone and phonebook
>Dad also brings handgun(hiding it from the guy)
>Dad opens door
>Guy's gone
>No car anywhere on the road

[31]

>Be the tender age of 13
>Camping with a friends family
>Friend and I are exploring the forest trails, seeing where they go
>Stumble upon another campsite
>4 fat guys with huge beards are sitting around a fire and chatting
>They notice us
>"Hey kid, come here a minute!"
>Being the morons we are, we approach
>"Here, care to try some of this candy?"
>Holds out a little baggie filled with white powder
>"Put it in your hand and sniff it"

>We tell him no thanks and that we've gotta be heading back to our familes
>He grabs my arm as I'm turning
>"Why don't you stay here, we're much more fun!"
>Friend beans him in the head with a metal tube he found near the RV the guys had
>We both book it back to our camp, which seemed like miles
>Explain to his parents what happened
>Friends dad goes to his truck and takes out his AR from the back
>Tells us to stay at camp
>Spends 4 hours looking for them but didn't find any of them

Years later I realized that had I taken what they offered me, I would have probably been dead by now buried in the woods. Awful feeling.

Also:

Here's one that happened while I was around.

>Little bro and I walking home from school (I'm 22 when this happened, he's roughly 15)
>Stop into a gas station so that he can pick up a drink or something, my treat
>As I'm waiting outside, I see a guy in a leather jacket start talking to him
>Guy in leather jacket buys him his drink and then leads him outside
>Guy is standing between me and my little bro, so I stand up to go interveine
>Little bro heads in my direction, but the guy grabs his arm and starts pulling him towards a truck
>I draw my concealed firearm, point it at the guy, and scream "DOWN ON THE GROUND, HANDS BEHIND YOUR HEAD"
>He freaks out and gets on his knees, hands behind his head "I didn't do anything man, chill out"
>I call police while holding him at gunpoint

Police arrived, went through the whole process of explaining what

happened, showed them my CCW permit, all was well. Guy was wanted for kidnapping and attempting to solicit a minor, with a couple warrants for his arrest in another state for shooting a police officer.

was a good day.

[32]

>be 10 with 10 yr old friend
>I look like Kevin Arnold
>friend looks like Zach Morris
>be playing in neighborhood when 20 something asks us to play
>MaybeWeShouldLeave.exe
>friend says sounds we should play
>play with dude for a couple days
>EverythingWentBetterThanExpected.png
>see on news some predator is in the area just show a sketch
>don't think anything of it 'cause guy seems legit cool
>friend doesn't come to school anymore
>see predator guy on T.V. with pictures
>tell parents
>parents talk to friend's parents
>friend moves away that weekend (next day)
>never hear from friend again

[33]

>Be 15
>Live in the UK
>Walking around rundown neighbourhood
>Car pulls up next to me
>Man tries to drag me into the back seat
>Squirm and manage to punch him in the face

>Run away back home

[34]

>Be a bored 8-year-old kid
>doodling on my driveway with street chalk
>Chrysler Lebaron pulls up
>Weird old guy inside asks me to help look for his dog
>I'm not stupid, I know what this abduction stuff is. I run into my house.

One week later...

>Parents go out for their anniversary dinner.
>I'm home alone, kickin' it.
>Hear car rumble outside in the driveway.
>"Hmmm, that can't be mom and dad. They left only thirty minutes ago."
>Peek outside living room window into the driveway.
>It's the Lebaron.
>Creepy old dude catches me looking back at him through the window.
>I lock all the doors as quickly as I can and hide in the kitchen.
>Creep knocks on the door for nearly 15 minutes.
>Neighbors finally come out and threaten to hurt him.
>Speeds off, never to be seen from again.

[35]

This doesn't involve ghosts, but I was terrorized once for weeks by people trying to break into my house.

>be 25, female (not trying to be special, just think it makes it

scarier), live alone with a puppy
>have a tall wall (maybe 9 feet?) around my house with a gate I keep locked on the inside at night

First incident...

>asleep in my living room
>wake up to a scraping sound
>the sound is instantly familiar because my house is on the main route to the high school and kids will often scrape my wall as they pass it with bottles or whatever
>sit bolt upright just in time to catch a glimpse if the guy going over the top of my wall (leaving)
>up all night totally paranoid and noping since I have no idea how long he was in my yard, peeking in my windows or whatever
>nothing from my yard is stolen

After that I decided to leave my puppy outside at night so he could guard the place a bit.

>two or three days later
>go out in the morning after a peaceful night
>puppy is gone
>gate that was locked from the inside is wide open
>walk around the neighborhood, make some calls, no one has seen him
>go to work, come home and he's still gone
>sitting outside on the street talking to my neighbors (about 9pm) when he comes back

To this day, even with all that happened after, I'm not sure what to make of this incident. Why didn't he bark? Why not just kill the dog? How did he make it back? He had never left the yard before. This is also the only time that they came/left thru the front gate.

So I take the hint and start keeping the dog inside at night again.

>Over the next 10 days or so wake up maybe 6 mornings to evidence that someone had been in my yard

>my clothesline is cut and wedged in the top of my wall
>pieces of rebar that I use in my garden taken and coiled to make a little step
>trash appears like beer bottle caps and food wrappers
>not sleeping well, wake up in the night totally paranoid/panicking
>sometimes hear scuffling, walking noises outside
>start sleeping with a weapon and flashlight
>start sleeping in my kitchen since I figure he's most likely to try to get in thru the bedroom or living room
>get my neighbor to fix my outdoor porch light
>except for that first incident, never catch a glimpse of the person

>finally, the screen in my kitchen window is shredded up

It was probably done at night. Since I didn't check it in the morning, I didn't notice until the following evening when I was making dinner. I noped right out and spent the night with a friend.

This next part is kind of stupid, but me and my friend conducted a little investigation that basically revolved around asking people in the neighborhood if they'd seen/heard anything (they hadn't).

Then we set up a trap where we put my nice bike on the porch, hoping that would lure him under the light where we would then take his picture/mace him or something. We stayed up all night but nothing happened.

This is the last part.

>the very next night after our little plot failed
>woken by a super loud bang
>dog starts going crazy
>there's someone on the roof
>they're not being subtle at all, stomping and banging and scratching
>this is it, gather all my courage (and my machete), unlock the door and go into the front yard

>I have a whistle that I'm blowing like a retard
>he's on the other side of the peak than me, can only see his head and shoulders
>he's facing me, starts to climb the peak of the house
>nope of the century, run out of my gate into the street blowing my whistle until someone comes (leaving house wide open)
>after a few minutes a little search party is formed to go into the house, no one there
>spend the night with a neighbor
>someone spends the next night with me
>third night try spend alone, paranoid and bail around midnight to stay with friend
>come home from work the next day
>one of my ceiling tiles is displaced

Believe it or not I lived in that house for another year and a half. Never had any problems though a few months after that my dog died. It was some kind of stomach issue. I'm still a bit affected by it psychologically also.

[36]

>be 6
>playing outside my house
>An old banged up white car pulls up
>>window rolls down, guy leans out and says "Hi, I'm a friend of your dad's. He told me to come pick you up and drive you home"
>I was right outside my house
>NOPE
>run inside and tell dad
>dad runs out but the car is already speeding away

[37]

>The last time I was scared was when I was walking to the store last night. Around 2-3am
>The quickest way to the store is by cutting through someone's backyard which is a small patch of woods.
>Before I cut through the woods, about 10 car lengths behind me I see someone walking towards the same direction as me.
>I didn't think much of it, a lot of people have been taking this path to get to the store since long before I was born.
>So, I get to the store and go in and notice the person that was behind me enter the store too.
>He looks like just an average dude to me. Average build white dude with a dark blue hoody and black jeans.
>I walk around picking out some snacks and beverages.
>I notice he's following me through the store. Its a Hess so its not really all that big.
>Everywhere I went in the store he was always 4-5 feet behind me.
>This is making me uncomfortable so I go to the front counter and set my things down and ask if I can leave them there for a minute.
>The clerk says its cool and I go into the bathroom and wait for a few minutes.
>When I get out I look around and see that the person following me was leaving the store.
>I go up to the clerk and tell him that the guy was weirding me out. The clerk tells me that they didn't even buy anything.
>I noticed that he went back towards the way of the path I took to get there. I decided to take the long way back home.
>As I get about a block away I hear "YO! Come over here, I wanna talk to you!"
>I run as fast as I possibly can until it feels like I'm going to puke my lungs out.
>Made it home and safe and now I'm telling you all about.

Heard this one from my uncles.

>some town in the Mexican desert
>both my uncles out riding bikes, 11 and 12 respectively
>a tall man in sunglasses waves them over
>strange accent, asks them if they believe in God
>the man begins to draw pentagrams in the sand, going on and on about how Judas was forced to give up Jesus
>uncles look at each other
>book it out of there and don't look back til they get home

[39]

A couple weekends ago my friends and I went into the city for my bud's birthday and we were staying at a small hotel. The night we get there we all head straight to the bar to party until the wee hours. I'm a party pooper so after a few hours I tell them I'm gonna go back to the hotel and I'll see them later.

At the hotel I see a woman trying to get her baby carriage up the stairs. That's odd because there is an elevator. I tell her I'm going to use the elevator and that maybe it would be easier for her if she does, too. She smiles and gets in with her baby carriage. Now this is not a normal stroller, this is an actual carriage like pic related. Who uses those anymore?

Anyway, it's just us in the elevator as the doors shut in front of us. She says her floor is the 3rd, which is right after mine. There's an awkward silence but she doesn't seem to mind. She's just smiling at her baby and giggling, fixing the blankets. How sweet, I think. She's just cooing to the baby softly. I peer inside and see a baby doll. Just a doll. My blood ran cold.

Elevator reaches 2nd floor and I thank Jesus Christ as I step out and head to my room. The woman reaches her hand out and

holds the elevator door open. "Excuse me," she says. I turn around and see that she has a serious expression on her face. "I know you saw him." She said this with an eerie softness. I just smile nervously and continue walking to my room. I hear the elevator doors close as I get the room door open. Just to be sure I check the hall to see if she followed me. She didn't, thank God.

Basically noped the rest of the night and when I told my friends they thought it was messed up but otherwise didn't care.

[40]

>at sonic, ordering food
>standing around waiting for order (no car)
>notice a couple in an old, white truck staring at me
>middle-aged man and woman
>just staring
>get my food and nope.png out of there
>walking back to house, on a short stretch of road with no street - lights, a big field on my left and wooded area to my right
>hear engine in the distance
>white truck speeds down the road with lights up, slams on breaks as soon as I'm in sight
>door flings open
>allofmynope.png
>drop food, book it home through the woods, lock all doors

[41]

>in a 'paid' housing program
>walking from office building to home
>consider myself a good mannered, helpful individual
>walking behind an apartment building complex (self discovered

shortcut)

>two men are lugging a long amorphous... sack
>they have some quality looking suits on
>stop and ask if they need any help
>they look at each other, I'm starting to feel uncomfortable
>one guy reaches into his pocket, his side of the thing sags
>arm with a shiny watch sort of just falls out
>(iirc)standing there not comprehending the situation
>other guy drops his end and starts running towards me
>I'm running in a suit, with a backpack on my back and a
briefcase in my arms
>tall fence between me and the alley that leads to the open
street
>run further into this apartment complex
>come up on a dead end trash dump area
>hear yelling and before long one of the men hits the same dead
end
>I'm sitting inside an industrial sized garbage can
>not making any sounds, just waiting and trying to regain breath
>when the other one catches up, one of them says
>"it would be good if whoever saw something didn't see nothing
or else we'd be seeing them real soon" or something to that effect
>holy crap this guy knows I'm in here somewhere
>sit in a disgusting trash can for 40-45 minutes
>already dark out, decide I'd better just book it
>pop out and scare an old lady throwing away her trash
>asks me if I was looking for my friends, elaborates that two men
where pacing around the area
>give her the NOPE and find my way to the street
>never took shortcuts for the remaining 5 weeks
>tried to avoid being out at night

[42]

>working at a place that makes pallets
>everything is done outside to avoid fires

>some guy always comes around selling sandwiches
>they're cheap but I never buy any due to always bringing my own lunch
>lots of stray animals hang around the area
>you can probably see where this is going but I'll continue
>there's a stray dog that hangs around the work area to get scraps and belly rubs
>guy comes by selling his sandwiches
>sees the dog
>asks if he can buy it
>somebody asks him why he would want to buy a stray dog
>I swear, he says "To make more sandwiches."
>couple co-workers beat him and he never came back

You would be shocked at the number of people who just eat animals off the street in Florida. The people who lived down the street from us tried to steal our dog and got kicked in by my dad. Police found a bunch of butchered animals in the ditch behind their house that had clearly been partially eaten.

[43]

>grandma owns 59 acres in the country
>absolutely love this place
>have friends over for crawdad boil and inna woods fun
>having a great time well into the night
>we decide to bed down in a field and sleep under the stars
>one friend brings tent and decides to sleep in that instead
>rest of us a chatting idly and drifting off when we hear some snapping of branches
>just some animal in the woods we thought, that's what the fire is for
>I pass out
>get woken up by friend shaking me
>rest of friends are up and staring st the woods
>ask wtf is going on

>friend who woke me up tells me there are people in the woods
as are watching us
>look over to where my friends are shining their lights
>bit of a ways off so the light isn't that great but there are
definitely people on the edge of the woods
>suddenly one of them starts cackling
>friends all tense up and we get ready for something to go down
>they just walk backwards into the woods
>we all stand in complete silence for a but then collectively crap
our pants
>decide to get back to cars and the main house and wait for day
and then get out of there

Probably just some crazy drifters but that scared me on a whole
'nother level because I actually felt endangered.

[43]

>wake up around 5
>it's a weekday and I beat my alarm to it
>tune into banging on the front door
>heavily raining outside, go to see what's up
>it's the police
>what
>tell me a neighbor reported a break in at my address
>no there must be a mistake no ones in here but me
>they search the house
>find the guy in my closet
>this guy was there watching me the whole time and I had no
clue
>nope

[44]

>be 13 sleeping in my room
>phone rings in the middle of the night
>answer it
>the guy on the phone asks me why I'm awake at this hour
>I say cause the phone woke me up
>tells me he's a police officer and if everything's alright
>I say yes
>tells me to get my parents on the phone
>walk upstairs and tell parents about the phone call
>parents answer phone and are told two police cars are outside of our house
 >police officers come inside the house and tell parents that one of our neighbors called because they saw the front door of house ajar and several men walking in and out of the house.
 >police check and nothing is missing and no sign of break in but front door was open.
 >police leave
 >sleep in parents' bed for the next month.

[45]

>Be Canadian
>Just leaving Tim Hortons
>It's 11pm so it's fairly dark out
>Walking down the street when a very old lady with gray hair and very odd clothing comes up to the window of the Tim Hortons
>All of the walls around the Tim hortons are mostly glass so you can easily see in
>She's staring at and right next to a man in the store
>She looks at me and says "He deserves it."
>She makes a motion like she's punching his head through the glass
>She's now motioning like she ripped his head off
>She continues walking down the street with her hand extended out like she's holding a head

>Kinda laugh to myself because this is incredibly silly and odd
>She walks around corner
>I'm not even a second behind her
>Look into the alley way she would have walked into
>No one there
>Uh oh
>Curiosity got the best of me so I did a walk around of the Tim Hortons to see if she was anywhere
>Vanished
>Look back in store
>GUY IS DEAD WITH PEOPLE AROUND HIM/CALLING PARAMEDICS
>I decided to stay to see if they had a reason for his death
> They had no clue, he just reported pain in his chest and fell down

I've seen this lady multiple times in my town. She's always in the same alley way sitting down. I never saw her leave the spot until that. Is she a grim reaper or something?

[46]

I'm not greentexting this, as it will take too long, but the worst place in the world to live is West Virginia, far, FAR outside of town. It's like living in the middle of the Australian outback, only there are tons of mountains and a ton of trees. Plus the people there are all hunters, and none of them respect property.

Can't tell you how many times I saw a dude dragging a deer across my 10 acre property, just outside my house (which was up a mountain and well off the road; you had to drive half a mile just to get to the mail box).

It constantly freaked me out. At some point, previous owners had made the basement into a safe room of some kind. I slept there pretty much constantly with the door locked.

[47] **[In response to the above.]**

Fellow West Virginian here. Agreed. Talk about isolated loneliness. I lived out in the hills, in a "holler" as they call them around here. A holler is basically the valley between 2 small mountains/hills.

I've had things thrown at me while riding an ATV on a ridgeline home late one night. Basketball sized boulder, could not have been lifted/thrown/fallen by a person. I think something was trying to knock me off my ATV and grab me.

Also have heard/seen large cats in the hills around here while hunting. As I was armed with a rifle, wasn't too scared, but was weird to see the cats that supposedly aren't here.

[48]

- >few months ago
- >internet saying that there are some people in my area raping and killing people
- >they drive up to people asking if they have seen a dog
- >after that they ask if they want to drive around with them and help looking for dog
- >you know what happens next
- >one evening me and my friend walking near woods
- >black car with tinted windows drives to us
- >creepy guy with a creepy girl asks if we have seen a dog
- >we're starting to get scared
- >say no
- >tries to get us near the car
- >start walking fast

>guy keeps talking to us following for some moment
>gives up drives away

Dont know if they were the killers, but definitely scary. I could find the site but it's in Latvian and I'm on my phone. They haven't been caught.

[49]

When I was a little kid, like 4 or 5, my mom had a stalker. He would call her all of the time, and come to her work looking for her. He would also tell people that he was her husband.

One night, we got home from a trip to the store and my mom noticed some things out of place. She freaked out because she believed someone had been in the house. We bolted to the nearest pay phone (yeah back in those days!) and called the PI that my mom had hired to build a case against this guy.

The PI came to the house and did a walk through of the house to search for evidence. Turns out, the guy was actually still in the house hiding in the closet of the guest bedroom (which was right across the hall from my bedroom).

Although I didn't fully understand the situation then, thinking about it today terrifies me to no end. It sends shivers down my spine.

[50]

Late night driving down an almost deserted road in a none too savoury part of town (where gangsters/car thievery/muggings are commonplace) when a taxi pulled in too sharply which forced me

to swerve out of its way. I wiped out my front tire and had to drive around 300 yards to pull in and see the damage. The situation was bad. Bad enough for me to consider recovery as opposed to me personally carrying out a roadside change as a) this area was scary and I didn't want to spend too long alone in the open and b) I'm really quite bad at fixing cars.

Anyway, I'm sitting on the phone to recovery when a man chaps my window. I roll the window down enough for him to talk and he says "Mate, seen what happened there from my house. I'll help you change your car tyre if you like". We conversed slightly and he seemed nice enough and wasn't the most physically imposing so I hung up on recovery and we set about a roadside change. One of the wheelnuts was too tight, however, and we had to abort.

The guy was starting to become almost pushy when he realised we couldn't get it done, asking me where I was gonna leave my car if I couldn't get it recovered. I'm slightly defensive at this point, not wanting to give too much away. He then offered to drive my car to somewhere to park up if I'd like. I told him I'd hang off and speak to recovery first, and anywhere the car was going I'd drive it there myself.

Anyway, he sat and waited. Spoke to the company and we decided I'd leave the car and get it in the daylight when recovery wouldn't have as much of a bad time finding me, and I'd get a taxi home reimbursed from my insurance. I figured the car would be able to cover around a mile without running on the rim which was far enough to get me to some form of main street.

Weird/helpful/scary stranger offers to lead me to his street just off a main road to park up. Not knowing the area too well it was good help, despite the obvious creeps I was feeling, just to find my way to more populated parts. As I'm following this guy, I realise I've passed the point of the accident more than a quarter of a mile ago. He said he'd seen it from his house. My heart was pounding. I deliberately lost him at the next set of lights and got my car in to a more accessible street, taxi was called and car recovered the next day.

How he found out about the accident when it clearly wasn't what his version of events purported is what scared me. Really made me wonder what would have happened had I driven to where he had intended me to.

[51]

This happened to me a few months ago, and it still freaks me out to this day.

- >be me
- >be 6 or 5 months ago
- >on my PC just being casual
- >get bored
- >decide to torrent a game
- >decide I want to download GTA IV
- >look for torrents, none of them work.
- >look for more, none of them work.
- >give up
- >left my PC for a couple hours to do some other things
- >eventually come back
- >sit down, about to watch some vidya
- >mouse glitching
- >oh crap, virus
- >get malwarebytes out, do scan
- >8 viruses found, deleted them
- >good as new

Now here's the scary part.

- >talking to friends on skype
- >notice my webcam is on
- >wtf?
- >think it's skype acting up
- >check settings, eventually turn off skype

>it's still on
>webcam is built in so I can't unplug it
>mouse starts glitching
>holy...
>someone is remotely accessing my webcam
>nope.mp4
>give whoever was watching me the finger
>close down PC

I basically hard reset my PC and I don't have anything like that happen anymore but the fact some weirdo could've been watching me and gaining info from me really freaks me out.

[52]

[In response to the above.]

>Year ago
>I normally browse on my laptop a bit before closing it and putting the thing next to my bed
>Sometimes laptop whirrs up in the middle of the night to get out of sleep mode and shut off entirely, no biggie
>Usually takes like a minute at most
>This night it starts again and keeps whirring and whirring
>It woke me up
>Get annoyed by it after 10 minutes or so, so I flip it open in order to press the power down button
>Still half asleep mind you
>The mouse is moving on its own accord
>Camera thingy is on
>All kind of folders are open
>Notepad is open but empty
>NOPE

I broke out in cold sweat and forced it to shut down as fast as I could.

Nothing ever gave me a shock like that. I can handle skeletons, but this was pure horror for me.

Next day I ran every virus and malware scanner I had, but I never trusted that laptop again.

[53]

>chilling with a friend, 11 years old
>anon and I are pissing about the ditchbanks in NM
>biking around, creepy overcast weather outside
>pass by this old, dilapidated house with huge, 10ft windows
>hear a voice from behind us
>old black man staring at us, huge eyes with heavyset eyebrows
>"You ain't going to find any rabbits in there, I told em you was coming... Look! There goes one now!"
>points at tumbleweed
>riiiiight.... Well, NOPE.AVI
>as we bike away we hear him continue talking to the tumbleweed

[54]

>2 years ago, shovelling the driveway (December)
>Was that weird part of a storm where there's more coming later but its just lightly falling
>It's 8-9pm, so very dark
>See a guy walking up the hill (very steep hill where I live, not common at any point in the year for someone to walk up it)
>He stops on the edge of the road, does not touch the driveway

Here's how the conversation between me and him went (I'm the >)

>Quite the storm we're having eh? (Canadian)
Yeah haha seems to have calmed down a bit though.

>Yeah I guess, you know, you look familiar. Have I seen you around before?

A lot of people tell me I look familiar. It's funny you say that because I'm not from here.

>Oh haha. Just my imagination. You're brave walking back here when its this dark out haha. Things kind of fool you. Better watch out for all the ghosts haha.

Hahaha. I know what you mean. You could be talking to the devil and you'd never even know it.

>haha. Uh, what?

haha. I have to get going now. Got a long walk ahead of me. See you later.

I watch him walk away and slowly fade out of the light. I look down to where he's walking. No footprints. Those words still rustle my jimmies whenever I'm outside shovelling at night. Never saw that man before or after, he just looked familiar.

[55]

My friend and I had a creepy incident during a visit to an abandoned mental asylum. Walking through the woods we were startled to come across an old woman in a purple dress hovering near the train tracks.

She asked if we intended to visit the hospital, and then asked if she could accompany us. Apparently she had worked there before the institution closed and came back to visit? Anyway, we think she was a ghost. But she walked around a bit outside the building and then bid us farewell, disappearing back into the woods. I

included a picture, you can see her in the background on the right side.

[Image too large. Search in the appropriate folder.]

[56]

>people greeter at walmart gets sick, so I'm chosen to step in for her
>be people greeting at a wal-mart during the 11pm-7am shift
>very slow night
>like 5 customers after 2am
>this homeless dude though has been standing 10 feet away from me watching me all night
>be slightly creeped out but decide to be friendly to him
>he first starts talking to me about all the places he's been before
>I realize with every minute he talks, he's stepping closer and closer to me
>the closer he gets, the worse he smells
>the closer he gets, the more messed up his stories are
>tells me about Hurricane Katrina
>tells me about burning down a building once, just to see if he could get away with it
>tells me about catching and eating ravens
>describes the taste in detail
>by this time he's standing less than a foot away from me
>I notice he's whispering to me
>oh god, his teeth and his weird lazy eye
>Make up an excuse to leave
>tell manager to kick this guy out
>feel bad
>he gives me a look, like he thinks I betrayed him,
>glares at me as he walks out
>feel sweaty and nervous the rest of the night

[57]

>18
>delivering pizza
>last call, 1 am, about to be done
>house is dilapidated
>screw it
>heading to door
>"Hey."
>turn to my right
>bony, shirtless old man
>"That's my pizza."
>he snatches it and starts eating
>"You're very handsome."
>"Uh...thanks. I need the money for the pizza"
>"Yeah, yeah, I keep it in the trailer, I'm not allowed in the house while the kids are home."
>this is commonly referred to as a "red flag" but I was 18 and stupid
>follow him across property to trailer
>he opens the door, the scent nearly gags me
>"Why don't you come in?"
>"I'm good, I just need the money thanks."
>"You really should come in here."
>Nope
>turn and run
>crazy old man chasing me with a shovel
>luke duke it across my car and get out
>boss and I call the cops and add the place to our blacklist.

[58]

>Be a few months ago
>working a closing shift at McDonald's

>A creepy guy looking about the age of 50 - 60 comes in and orders a coffee and muffin
>While I am making his coffee he starts to ask some weird questions
>"Anon when do you get off work?"
>"Umm, 1."
>was off at 11 but didn't want to tell him that
>"Do you live in town?"
>"Nope"
>"What street do you live on?"
>Acted like I didn't hear him
>"Are you walking home?"
>"Nope, I am driving."
>Quickly call brother and ask him if he can pick me up. Thank god he can.
>Time is now 10:30 the inside closes at 11
>Begin to clean lobby
>Look out into parking lot and see creepy guy...
>He is just sitting there watching me sweep and mop
>Actually scared at this point
>Finally it's 11
>Usually if someone was picking me up I would sit on the patio but not tonight!
>Brother finally comes
>Hop in car and he takes the back roads home
>Look behind us
>IT'S THE CREEPY GUY!
>Almost home and taking a right onto our street
>Old guy takes a left
>I see old guy drive to the main street and away

Haven't seen him since and happy I haven't either. Honestly one of the more scary things that has happened in my life. In hindsight I should have told my brother someone was following us.

[59]

>Be 11
>Dad's on his business trip, mom skips work for me
>Night time comes, scared of the dark
>Mom tucks me into her bed and tells me she'll be back in a few
>She leaves all the lights on for me
>I close my eyes for a bit, bedroom door opens
>Lights flick off, hear her walk to the other side of the bed
>don't feel her get under the sheets
>10 seconds pass, bedroom door opens again
>I keep my eyes closed, hear my mom go under the bed sheets
and hug me
>Confused out of my mind
>Feel a slight kick under the bed, mom feels it too and gets out of
bed to go check
>She pulls up the sheets slightly and tells me everything is fine
>Gets back into bed with me and whispers in my ear
>“Run for the door.”
>I start to cry, she counts to 3 and we both run for it

It was a crazy homeless woman. Mom forgot to lock the front door.

[60]

>working the graveyard at a servo in an isolated, semi-rural area
>due to the isolation/area we sell groceries as well as petrol
>pretty normal, boring shift
>spot a girl staring at the store from the other side of the
highway
>after thirty seconds she sprints across the highway and starts
ringing the doorbell
>check her out on the camera: late 20's/early 30's, 5/10, a bit
grubby, looks a little like an addict
>let her in

>she starts frantically pacing the store
>after a minute she yells from the aisle: "Hey, is this the largest jar of minced garlic you have?"
>"...Yeah."
>"For Christ's sake!"
>She brings all six up to the counter
>Notice for the first time that her makeup is a mess, mascara down her cheeks, hair tussled.
>"You okay?"
>"Fine."
>Bag up her kilogram of minced garlic
>She snatches up the bag, slaps down a \$20, takes off before I can fish out the change
>She sprints back across the highway and disappears into the bush

[61]

> Aussie here
> Not me, but a guy I know told me these stories
> He goes to a private school in Sydney, his school has a thing where in year 9 or 10 they go away for a whole term to this valley about 2.5 hours south of Sydney for a camp type thing
> The school actually owns the land, massive property, river, full of forest, dense trees
> They do stuff like bush walks and kayaking, camp sort of stuff
> They all stay in this one massive boarding house, like a hall, everyone can walk along to anyone else's bed without going through any doors, big hall.
> He tells me that there is a rumour of a squatter that lives on the property
> Apparently when the local council put the area up for sale, he refused to sell his home. The council kicked him out and demolished his home, now he lives somewhere on the property in a self built shack
> One day, he and his mates had free time, so they went on a

bushwalk

> Chilling about, walking off trail, they end up stumbling upon a random shack, one starts throwing stones at the place, they had heard about the rumours and thought it was nonsense, they think the place is an old abandoned shack.

> They were wrong

> This bald guy in a big trench coat and combat boots comes outside, starts screaming at them to leave

> 'Get off my property...' Stuff like that, you know, crazy guy stuff.

> So they leg it back to the boarding house, tell people, they call them out and don't believe them.

> Day goes on without incident.

> That night though, he needed to pee, about 3:00 am, gets up, does his thing, gets back to his bunk, just as he is about to drift off, he sees something move in the corner of his eye, it's the door to the hall.

> The bunks are set up with the long side against the wall, so he could pretty much see the whole hall from his bunk.

> The door is slowly shifting open incrementally slowly, he watches, thinking it's someone from his school, but he knows nobody goes out at night, there's no reason to go especially at this time, there's no other civilisation for 20 kms.

> A figure comes into the hall, closes the door quietly, he slowly makes his way down the hall, my friend watching it the whole time

> As the figure gets closer, he recognises the combat boots, bald head khaki trench coat

> My mate is flipping out at this point, but doesn't move, too freaked out.

> The figure is incredibly silent, he keeps walking closer to his bunk until he stops dead in front of his bunk

> My mate almost breaks, but keeps quiet. The figure turns away from his bunk, towards his mate, the same guy who was throwing stones at his shack.

> He keeps standing there, staring at him for ages, he looks around and notices the guy in the top bunk next to stone

thrower's bunk was awake doing the same thing as him, looking at the skinhead with a freaked out look on his face

> my friend estimates two or so hours, the skinhead didn't move, he was still staring at stone thrower, who was asleep the whole time.

> Then, the skinhead starts moving, slowly as can be, he turns back toward the door, he and his mate shut their eyes, pretending to sleep

> he walks past their bunks, as quiet as he came in, and leaves slowly.

> The next day the two guys tell stone thrower about what happened, he was freaking out.

[62]

I used to work at a gas station for third shift. One night a customer I had never seen before had come in and asked to use the phone. I was already behind and let him use the phone despite being told not to. He told me he was calling a cab because his ride wasn't coming for him anymore and he didn't want to walk the 30 miles home.

Queue giving stranger phone. He called the cops. He told the cops that he was schizophrenic and was hearing voices. He stated that the voices were telling him to kill people and he was a danger to himself and others. He handed me back the phone and sat outside. I locked the door on him and within five minutes, three cop cars, two fire trucks, and one ambulance later, they took him away.

I don't need to deal with that being the only one on shift at 3am.

TL;DR. Lock the doors.

[63]

I work graveyard for a mental health behavioral facility as a security guard. This happened around March of 2015, around 0220-0330 hours. This story is spooky, but not paranormal.

>be security guard
>doing rounds
>too quiet outside
>checking exterior doors and for illegal activity on the property
>be inspecting huge door facing the parking lot. street is next to it
>hear a woman's voice
>"Do you need help with that?"
>turn around & identify her
>Caucasian, heavy set woman about 50-55 yrs of age wearing a white dress, standing on the street side
>do you need help with that?
>startled, but do not respond
>go inside facility and inspect holding area
>30 seconds later come back out through same door where lady spotted me
>see that she never moved as if waiting for me
>do you need help with that?
>I just stared at her trying to make sense of her
>lady's voice becomes more aggressive
>do you need help with that?
>do you need help with that?
>do you need help with that?
>I am getting pissed
>lady begins to come towards me
>hopping like a kangaroo asking me that same question
>do you need help with that?
>Hop
>do you need help with that?
>hop
>Hopping in my direction
>pull out flashlight

>turn on s.o.s mode
>basically sends out pulsating flashes on its brightest setting
>repels the crazy woman
>shakes her head like coming out of a trance
>walks back down the street like a normal person acting as if nothing happened
>phew.png
>return to my rounds
>finish up and head back up to my post on reception desk
>think about what just went on
>"What an odd lady."
>replay scenario in my mind
>just realized she was barefoot and wrapped in a white blanket not a dress
>mfw she was probably sleep walking

[64]

My mum has been a funeral director for 10 years.

She had a very sick old lady with a large neck/chest tumor come in asking to be put in a coffin because she was dead. She was adamant that she had already passed (probably about 2 weeks off) and refused to leave.

Eventually security had to come escort her away.

[65]

>About a year ago
>Lying in bed at 1:00, trying to fall asleep
>Slowly drifting when I hear a tapping sound
>Wake up suddenly, assume it was just in my head

>Keep myself wide awake for about a minute just to be sure
>Nothing
>Slowly drifting back asleep again
>Tap Tap Tap
>Wake up, this time a bit nervous
>Wait for about five minutes this time
>Tap Tap Tap Tap
>Definitely not in my head
>Tapping's coming from the window above my bed
>I'm on the ground level of the house, but this window's almost
eight feet up in the air
>Tap Tap Tap--
>Get up slowly from my bed, tapping stops abruptly
>Slowly sneak over to close my bedroom door
>Turn towards the window
>Open the curtains
>See some lady staring at me with her face literally an inch from
the glass
>Lock eyes with her unintentionally
>She's eyeing me like a hawk
>Tap... Tap... Tap...
>She gestures for me to open the window
>Lol no
>Close curtains
>Cover ears
>Try to get some sleep, didn't

Still hear the tapping every few months or so, no rhyme or reason
to it; I've never opened the window and I always get nightmares
every time I "hear" (I'm not sure if its just a hallucination brought
on by sleep deprivation) the tapping regardless.

[66]

>fall 2011
>all about that urbex life

>decide to explore abandoned school few miles away from home
>tell friend where I was going
>he wants me to wait until midnight when he's off work but I'm too impatient
>leave for school around 4
>get there, standard abandoned school
>sun's still out so it illuminates the gym and some of the hallways
>standard abandoned building - dusty and falling apart
>edgy graffiti everywhere
>get to what I assume is the cafeteria
>notice that the floor is unusually clean
>become paranoid
>hear voices coming from outside
>look outside window, there's like 6 dudes and a doberman walking towards the building
>they're gang members for sure, shaven heads and tattoos all over
>freak out and start running away from the cafeteria
>don't get too far before I hear the door swinging open
>hide in nearby bathroom
>notice broken window in bathroom, trying to estimate if I can squeeze through, one of those horizontal rectangle windows
>pretty high up on the wall, think I'll make too much noise
>hear the guys in the cafeteria, they're speaking Spanish
>they say "I guess Arturo's not here yet"
>they talk about going to a liquor store around the block but decide against it to my dismay
>door swings open again, guess Arturo is here
>Hear dogs barking, peer out
>there's like 10 more guys and a rottweiler
>one guy is going around collecting cash, other people are talking shit
>pull out phone, dial 911
>tap SOS in morse code on the receiver
>wait a minute before ending the call
>mentally prepare myself to climb out through this window
>start climbing, no one can hear me over the cheering
>my shoes are gripping onto the wall, eventually foot slips and I kick a bathroom door with a resounding slam

>do everything 900 times faster as I notice the cheering has stopped and there's only barking
>book it out of there, get to my car and feel like my heart is going to explode

[67]

>Hanging out with friend
>Almost Halloween
>On the way to his place from another friend's place
>He stops to get gas
>I head inside to get a drink
>As I'm picking out what I want this guy walks in
>He's wearing a black ballistic face mask
>Freak out a bit and put my hand on my CC
>Put a couple of isles between me and him
>The fucking cashier hasn't looked up from his phone
>I get a better look at him
>Looks like he's wearing white contacts
>Dressed like a homeless guy
>Absolutely filthy with long wet hair
>Fingerless gloves, for fucks sake
>I whisper over to the cashier
>"Hey! Hey man! Look up!"
>He does
>Sees the guy walking up
>Cashier jumps but doesn't make a noise
>Visibly freaked out, all wide-eyed
>Mask guy walks up to the register
>Puts an ice tea on the counter
>After a few moments the cashier stammers out
>"Uhh... th-that's a do... dollar fourty nine"
>Mask guy pulls out a wallet and puts some cash on the counter
>Just drops the wallet on the ground, takes his drink and walks out
>Walk up to the cashier

> "What the hell was that.."
> "I... I don't know. He gave me twenty bucks."
> I pick up the wallet
> Had some cash in it, a few expired credit cards and some woman's Washington driver's license
> Walk outside to meet friend
> "Hey did you see that guy?"
> He turns around
> "Huh? What guy?"
> I look around and see him slowly wandering out of the parking lot onto an unlit street, pouring ice tea on his face mask like he's trying and failing to drink it
> "The hell..."
> "Yeah"
> We both quickly got in his car and left
> As we pulled away I caught one last look at him as he threw the bottle on the ground

My friend lives only a few miles from that gas station, and later that night I heard a few gunshots in the distance. I still wonder if someone shot him.

[68]

Not really a frightening story, but I live in England and there's this one kid who I've seen running around the area for the past 10 years. The kid always wears a cardigan and a grey fedora, and is usually in monochrome grey or black outfits. What's more, nothing will prevent him from going out and running, not even torrential rain or bitter cold.

So normally I would write it off as some sperrg kid grappling with some sort of running OCD, but the strange thing is I've watched as he's run over the past ten years, and he hasn't aged a single day. I've tried calling after him but he never seems to hear me.

Often times I'll be with my dad and we'll see him, and we'll both just laugh at how bizarre the whole situation is.

[69]